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and another at Madrid. In the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, is the picture called "Philip II. and the Princess Eboli," of which there are several repetitions.

Francis I.: half-length, in profile; now in the Louvre. Titian did not paint this king from nature, but from a medal which was sent to him to copy.

The Emperor Ferdinand I.

The Emperor Rudolph II.

The Sultan Solymán II. His wife Roxana. These are engraved after Titian, but from what originals we know not. They cannot be from nature.

The Popes Julius II. (doubtful), Clement VII. Paul III., and Paul IV.

All the Doges of Venice of his time.

Francesco, Duke of Urbino, and his Duchess Eleonora; two wonderful portraits, now in the Florence Gallery.

The Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici; in the Louvre, and in the Pitti Palace.

The Constable de Bourbon.

The famous and cruel Duke of Alva.

Andrea Doria, Doge of Genoa.

Ferdinand Leyva, who commanded at the battle of Pavia.

Alphonso d'Avalos, in the Louvre.

Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua.

Alphonso, Duke of Ferrara, and his first wife, Lucrezia Borgia. In the Dresden Gallery there is a picture by Titian, in which Alphonso is presenting his wife Lucrezia to the Madonna.

Cæsar Borgia.

Catherine Cornara, Queen of Cyprus.

The poet Ariosto; in the Manfrin Palace, at Venice.

Bernardo Tasso.

Cardinal Bembo.

Cardinal Storza.

Cardinal Farnese.

Count Castiglione.

Pietro Aretino: several times; the finest is at Florence; another at Munich. The engravings, by Bonasone, of Aretino and Cardinal Bembo, rank among the most exquisite works of art. There are impressions of both in the British Museum.

Sansovino, the famous Venetian architect.

The Cornaro family: in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland.

Fracastaro, a famous Latin poet.

Irene da Spilimborgo, a young girl who had distinguished herself as a musician, a poetess, and to whom Titian himself had given lessons in painting. She died at the age of eighteen.

Andrea Vesalio, who has been called the father of anatomical science—the particular friend of Titian, and his instructor in anatomy. He was accused falsely of having put a man to death for anatomical purposes, and condemned. Philip II., unwilling to sacrifice so accomplished a man to mere popular prejudice, commuted his punishment to a forced pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He obeyed the sentence; but on his return he was wrecked on the Island of Zante, and died there of hunger in 1564. This magnificent portrait, which Titian seems to have painted with enthusiasm, is in the Pitti Palace at Florence.

Titian painted several portraits of himself, but none which represent him young. In the fine portrait at Florence he is about fifty; and in the other known representations he is an old man, with an aquiline nose, and long, flowing beard. Of his daughter Lavinia there are many portraits

She was her father's favorite model, being very beautiful in face and form. In a famous picture, now at Berlin, she is represented sitting with both hands a dish filled with fruits. There are four repetitions of this subject: in one the fruits are changed into a casket of jewels; in another she becomes the daughter of Herodias, and the dish bears the head of John the Baptist. All are striking, graceful, full of animation.

The only exalted personage of his time and country whom Titian did not paint was Cosmo I., Grand Duke of Florence. In passing through Florence, in 1548, Titian requested the honor of painting the Grand Duke. The offer was declined. It is worthy of remark that Titian had painted, many years before, the father of Cosmo, Giovanni de' Medici, the famous captain of the *Bande Neri*.

#### ART MATTERS.

Two of the most thoroughly and entirely great pictures that have been painted during the season, are "Sunrise over the Ocean," by Gifford, and "Norwegian Torrent by Moonlight," by Wust. In each of them you find an idea, a sentiment—they are not merely "pretty" pictures—pictures which perhaps might catch the fancy and leave an ephemeral impression on the mind, but pictures which carry with them an inspiration, pictures which impress you with their weird and solemn grandeur, and which stamp themselves fully and indelibly upon your brain.

This is undoubtedly the secret of true art.

Let us see how the end is arrived at. Both of these pictures, powerful, inspiring, are treated with the greatest simplicity. Here is the whole thing, as it were, in a nutshell—simplicity, simplicity, simplicity, let the word be graven upon every easel, let every artist carry this one idea in his mind, let him study, cultivate and strive after it, let him utterly discard preraphaelitism and all such purely mechanical devices, which degrade but not elevate art, and going direct to nature let him there form his style and ideas. In nature we never find preraphaelitism—nature is pure, fresh, ingenuous—she is burdened by no forms, bows to no will but that of the Divine Creator, there is nothing petty in her, she embodies, as it were, one grand school wherein mankind are taught poetry, art, and everything which tends to purity of sentiment and elevation of intellect; she is simple yet beautiful, innocent yet grand. In her very simplicity rests her beauty, in her innocence her grandeur. Yet day after day, year after year, these men these preraphaelites, these scoffers at the pure and beautiful, pursue the same beaten track, violating nature, discarding her grandeur and breadth, and paying attention merely to the minor details which go to make up the great whole. Yet this they call studying nature, this they call embodying her beauties upon canvas, this their idea of art, upon this they base a school and set themselves up as reformers.

This is not art, that is *true* art, the mission of which is to cultivate mankind up to the proper standard—this preraphaelitism does not do; treating with pettiness it conveys but petty ideas, never inspiring it often puzzles the beholder, and while he may look upon the pre-

aphaelite picture and wonder at the mechanical skill displayed, his ideas are never elevated or enlarged, he sees an elaboration of the commonplaces but never is there brought before him nature in all her simplicity, grandeur and beauty.

These last qualities are eminently noticeable in the two pictures mentioned above. In Mr. Gifford's "Sunrise over the Ocean" the spectator is supposed to be standing upon the beach, looking out upon a broad expanse of ocean; the sun has just risen, the sky is clear and bright, save that toward the zenith a few fleecy clouds are seen, partly hiding the crescent moon; in the foreground a strip of sandy beach upon which the incoming waves leave their frothy freight—in no way is the feeling of loneliness disturbed, no human creature is there to take away from the grandeur of nature in her solitude; we are alone with the ocean, the great, broad, heaving ocean, which, rolling shoreward, laps our feet in its tender embrace.

Here we have a picture pure, simple, yet withal, entirely grand—nothing disturbs its simplicity, nothing is there to detract from its grandeur.

In Mr. Wust's "Norwegian Torrent" we are shown another phase. A swollen torrent, dashing, seething, roaring on its headlong course—here and there a jagged rock opposes itself to the water which, as if angry at the resistance, hisses and surges over the opposing object—in the distance we catch a glimpse of sterile Norwegian landscape, snow capped mountains and desolate plains, while over all is thrown the ghastly light of the moon which, breaking through a mass of heavy clouds, adds on additional glare to the troubled and foaming waters beneath.

Here we have nature in her angriest mood; while in Mr. Gifford's picture we are impressed with an almost reverential awe, in this a feeling very near akin to honor steals over us as we gaze upon the dark charybdis and almost hear the roar of the water, battling in its impotent fury.

Pictures such as these are public benefactors. They are healthy, invigorating; sentimental, but in no degree maudlin, they impart a healthy tone to the public love of art; progressive, inspiring, they imbue other painters with a spirit of emulation, encouraging those who are in the right track and putting to utter confusion the doctrines and principles of the benefit school of preraphaelitism.

PALETTE.

G A D E.

A short time since I read in a French paper—"A young Danish composer is now making a sensation in Germany; his name is Gade, and he frequently wanders to and fro between Copenhagen and Leipzig, with his violin on his back, looking the very image of Mozart." The first and last clauses of this sentence are perfectly correct, but there there is a touch of romance about the middle one. The young Dane did arrive in Leipzig a few months ago (although neither he nor his violin came on foot,) and his Mozart-like head, with its sculptural mass of hair, just suited the feelings already excited amongst our musicians by his Overture to "Cossian" and his first Symphony. About his life there is not much to say. He was born in 1817 at Copenhagen, where his father was an instrument maker, and his youthful dreams were probably more concerned with musical instruments than with musicians. He received his first musical instruction from one of

those ordinary teachers to whom mechanical industry is everything, and talent nothing; and I believe this Mentor was not particularly satisfied with his pupil's progress. He tried the guitar, violin, and pianoforte, in turns, but without much success. After a time he had more thorough masters, such as Wershall and Berggreen, with occasional advice from Weyse. At that time he composed a variety of things, which now, however, he considers worth little, and as mere outbursts of his fiery imagination. Afterwards, he played the violin in the royal band at Copenhagen, and there had the opportunity of learning all those secrets of the instruments, with which he has since proved himself so familiar. It is chiefly to this practical school, denied to so many, and abused by so many more, that Gade owes his undeniable mastery over instrumentation. By the judgment of Spohr and Fr. Schneider, the prize of the Copenhagen Musical Society was awarded to him for his Overture to "Ossian" and it was probably this composition which attracted the attention of the king, a true lover of art; so that, like many other talented people amongst his countrymen, he received a right royal allowance for travelling abroad. He began with Leipsic, where his works had first been heard by a musical public of any importance. He is still here, but he will shortly proceed to Paris, and then to Italy. I therefore seize the moment, whilst his image is fresh before us, to say a few words on the artistic peculiarities of a man, who seems to me to surpass all others of his time.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that his likeness to Mozart, which is really very striking, extends to his music. In him we have an entirely new artist-nature. It seems as if the nations bordering upon Germany were trying to emancipate themselves from the dominion of German music. Some Germans may lament this, but to a far-seeing thinker, with a thorough knowledge of the world, it can only be natural and gratifying. Thus, Chopin represents his native country; Bennett, England; Verhulst promises to become a worthy champion of Holland; even in Hungary also a national spirit is awakening; and since they all regard Germany as their dearest teacher, no wonder if they adhere to her precepts—at the same time that they are trying to make a musical language for themselves. For that no country in the world has yet produced masters to compare with our great ones, is a fact which no one attempts to deny. In the north of Europe also national tendencies are asserting themselves. In Stockholm, Lindblad has recast his old national melodies for us; and Ole Bull, though not a productive genius of the first order, has done his best to introduce amongst us the strains of his native country. The recent outburst of Scandinavian poetry would itself have given an impulse to his musical talents, even if he had not already been reminded by her mountains and lakes, her runes and aurora borealis, that the north has a full right to a language of her own.

Our young composer, too, learned much from the poets of his native country; he knows and loves them all; the old legends and sagas filled his boyish fancy, and the sounds of Ossian's giant harp reached him from the coasts of England. A distinct northern character appears for the first time in his compositions, especially in the "Ossian" overture; though he would certainly be the last to deny what a debt he owes to German masters. He is familiar with them all; and the devotion which he has bestowed on their works, they have rewarded—as they reward all who are loyal to them—by raising him in their own consecrated ranks. Of modern composers Mendelssohn's influence is discernible in certain instrumental combinations in the overture to "Ossian," and in the Symphony there is much which recalls Franz Schubert; on the other hand, the style of Gade's melodies is throughout entirely original, and they are of a more popular (*volkstümlicher*) cast than is hitherto the case in the higher kinds of instrumental music. Altogether the symphony surpasses the overture in every respect, in natural power as well as in mastery over technique.

One thing remains to be hoped—that the artist may not be overwhelmed by his nationality; that his imagination, which (as some one has said) streams forth like the aurora borealis, should be thoroughly developed on all sides; and that he should explore other spheres of nature and life. Thus all artists might be counselled first to acquire originality, and then to throw it aside, as the snake casts his old skin when it begins to be too tight.

But as the future is hidden and one's expectations are often disappointed, it is sufficient to proclaim our belief that from such remarkable talents, very noble and beautiful results may be expected. Like Bach, the mere chance of his name is enough to have turned his thoughts to music, for, strangely enough, its four letters represent the four open violin strings. Let no one deride this little happy omen, nor yet this other—that his name may be written by a single note (in four clefs:) a problem which the cabalists will easily solve. We are already expecting another Symphony of Gade's; it is different from the first, in being softer and calmer; and brings before one the lovely beechwoods of Denmark.

#### GENERAL GOSSIP.

The London press is just now agitating, we think for the fortieth time, the ridiculous exclusiveness of the Royal Academy of Art, and amongst the instances cited is that of Mr. Lucas, the famous portrait painter. Mr. Lucas has never yet been permitted to write R. A. after his name, though in thirty-seven years of professional life, he has painted thirteen portraits of the Royal family, and scarcely a noble house in Great Britain but holds a specimen of this art. Sir Robert Peel, than whom a better judge of pictures, did not exist in England, gave Mr. Lucas the commission to execute the portraits of his Colleagues that now grace Drayton Manor.

We take it that the R. A's do not recognize the painter of heads as an artist, which decision is bad for the memory of sundry old masters, whose strongest works lay in that line.

To think of excluding Elliott from the National Academy! Oh! shade of Velasquez!

The last of Gainsborough's sitters has just died in England, having survived the artist 79 years. She was a Mrs. Amelia Williams, and sat for him when she was six years old.

Count Bismark, a few weeks since, threw something of a bombshell into the royal camps, on receiving the order of the Lion of Baden, from the king. He returned it coolly, with the remark that the stones, professing to be diamonds of a large size and fine water, were false. This led to an investigation, taking in its scope the court jeweller and several high officials, and the result has been that all the grand orders conferred in the past few years, have been recalled and found to be nothing but skillful imitations composed of *strasse* or fine paste. The expose has created a great sensation, and in Berlin, among the pawn-brokers.

Even art has turned to sensation advertising. A call appeared the other day in the Personals of the London Times, signed by a Mr. Nathan Hughes, announcing his intention of painting a grand picture of the recent accident upon the ice in the Regents Park, by which nearly fifty persons lost their lives. He wants those who went in and came out alive, to call on him and have their portraits painted for the great picture. We hope that some few of those who didn't get out alive, will also call on Nathan, and, if possible, scare him out of his un-artistical intention.

Some ingenious Frenchman has just discovered a wonderful Greek anagram in the name of Napoleon. It reads this way:

N-apoléon  
A-poleon  
P-oleon  
O-leon  
L-eon  
E-on  
O-n

Every one of these seven being a Greek word, which, when arranged in this wise, "Napoleon on oleon leon eon apoleon poleon," reads in good English, "Napoleon being the lion of the people, was marching on destroying the cities."

What will not a Frenchman do?

In Rome, the National or Republican Committee have made war on the opera. To show their antipathy to the management, which favors the Papal government, they issued a circular asking, or rather commanding, a non-patronization, and the result is that the pit is empty and the boxes only half filled. The ladies rebel sorely against the tyranny of the Committee, but there seems to be no appeal. The Signora Cortesi, who persisted in appearing nightly in her box, found on taking her place one evening, that some wretch had smeared it with an offensive, greasy substance, that had the effect of utterly ruining her elegant toilet, and driving her in disgust from the place. This miserable trick has turned the public feeling the other way, and it is supposed will lead to better attendance.

A very little wit goes a great way when uttered by a great man, if we are to judge by the following from the Paris letter of the London *Telegraph*. Auber was a few days since gossiping with Dennery, when the latter, in his usual flowery way, commenced some fulsome compliments to the *maestro*. "When I think," says Dennery, "that you did the 'Fra Diavolo,' that you did the 'Massaniello,' that you did the 'Hay-dee,' that you did the 'Domino Noir'—"

"Ah! my dear fellow, interrupted Auber, who could not swallow as fast as he was fed, "all these are nothing. I did something much better than any of these."

"What was it?" asks Dennery, bursting with curiosity.

"I never got married!" responded the composer quietly.

That, we should say, is something he did *not* do.

Paragraphs in the London papers tell us of a difficulty that S'ms Reeves had—one of a thousand—at Greenock, Scotland; and of his being hissed off the boards, but give no particulars.

The Greenock papers tell it in this way: It seems there was a crying baby in the house, one of the live kind, and Reeves, who had got through a few lines of "The Message," refused to proceed until his rival was ejected. A large part of the audience, no doubt feeling like the Western man in the theatre, where the orchestra was playing an accompaniment to a squalling child, that the child did not have fair play, and shouted out, "Stop them fiddles, and let's hear that baby cry," burst into a storm of hoots and hisses at Reeves, who backed out. The audience listened to the other singers and the baby was finally politely ushered out of the house, but refused to hear the great tenor, until the very last when nothing would satisfy them but a taste of his quality. He sang twice, and was enthusiastically encored by the highly critical audience which an hour before preferred the squalling of a baby to his notes.